COL. GUFFEY HOME FROM CONFERENCE

Is Not In Fight For Chairman of the National Committee—Not Pledged To Gorman.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 16.—Col. J. M. Guffey returned early yesterday morning from New York, where he had been for a day or two in conference with Democratic leaders from every section of the country. With Col. Guffey from Pennsylvania at the conference were State Chairman Jas. K. P. Hall, former Gov. Robert E. Pattison, former State Chairman John S. Rilling, Robert E. Wright and one or two others. United States Senator W. J. Stone, of Missouri; Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, a member of the Democrat National Committee from New York State; Charles F. Murphy, W. F. Sheehan, August Belmont and other prominent New York Democrats attended the conference. The Democratic situation throughout the country was carefully cousidered and Col. Guffey is enthusiastic over w at he calls the Democratic outlook.

Col. Guffey says that the conference reached no definite conclusion and he contends that nothing occurred to change the situation so far as the Pennsylvania delegation to the St. Louis convention is concerned. The delegation, Col. Guffey says, will be for the best candidate and will not be pledged to any particular candidate until the entire situation has been disclosed at the convention. Col. Guffey denies that his delegation has been pledged to Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland. He says that Senator Gorman did not attend the New York conference and was not presented by anyone authorized to speak for him. Col. Guffey says that he has not been and will not be a candidate for chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

The New York conference, it is understood, gave little or no encouragement to the friends and advocates of Grover Cleveland, although Col. Guffey says that the matter of candidates was not considered at the gathering. The New York people are believed to be only half-hearted in their support of Judge A. B. Parker and are supposed to be quietly at work in the interest of Mr. Cleveland. Col. Guffey declared that nothing at the conference indicated that the New York people were not sincere in their advocacy of Judge Parker.

Col. Guffey will go to St. Louis next Saturday night and on Monday will attend a meeting of the committee on arrangements for the coming national convention. The meeting will be held in the Planters hotel, at St. Louis and aside from Col. Guffey will be attended by J. K. Jones, National chairman; Secretary James Walsh, of Iowa; Senator Stone, of Missouri; Mr. Mack, of Buffalo; D. J. Campau, of Michigan; J. M. Head, of Tennessee, and Governor Osbourne, of Wyoming; The details for the coming convention will be finally worked out at the meeting, which will be the last held by the committee until a day or two before the convention.

The executive committee of Pennsylavani will meet and organize at Harrisburg on Tuesday. The committee will consider the dispute over the chairmanship in Dauphin county and the indications are that the situation there will be compromised. Both Democratic factions in Dauphin county, it is understood, will be satisfied with the proposed compromise. Col. Guffey will not attend the meeting of the committee at Harrisburg. The committee named to adjust the dispute over the National delegates in the Westmoreland-Butler district will likely get together some time next week.

General Grant Sized It Up.

General Fred D. Grant's favorite story of his father is one that aptly illustrates that great soldier's faculty of sizing up a situation in few words.

"We had an old coachman," he says, "who was not the brightest man in the world, but what he did not know about a horse was not worth learning. Mother used to call on him to do all sorts of things that were not in his line, and old John, of course, was always making mistakes to aggravate her. Once she sent him to the bank to do some business, and he did it wrong. She told father all about it and said:

"I guess you'll have to let John go. He never does as he should anything I want him to do."

"'Well, motner,' said my father, 'if John could do everything you want him to do, and do it right, he would not have to be our coachman.'"—New York Times.

It is proposed to have 80,000 school children in Baltimore pour kerosene oil in the city's stagnant pools to kill the mosquitoes. This may be a little rough on the mosquitoes, but think how it will gladden the heart of Mr. Rockefeller to see the children learning lessons of industry.—Washington Post.

THE WAR

BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN IS UNPOPULAR IN THE CZAR'S COUNTRY SAYS A PROMINENT RUSSIAN.

NEWS OF THE RUSSIAN REVERSES WILL SOONER OR LATER REACH THE GENERAL POPULATION.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 16.—Prominent among the arrivals for the Press Parliament is the Prince Ouhtomski Editor in Chief of the St. Petersburg Skyra Weidomosti, of St. Petersburg, who comes to represent Russia.

The Prince, while not of the Royal Russian blood, is a representative of one of the oldest families and is one of the leading journalists of Europe. Discussing the Russo-Japanese war he said: "At present the war is not popular in my country. In fact few of the inhabitants outside the members of the government, the army and navy, people or the residents of the larger cities, know that there is a war. Since I have been in America, I have seen much more interest and excitement over news from the front than there is in Russia.

"Russia will be progressing for the conflict an i later reports of the fighting are not surprising to those who are acquainted with the conditions. News of the Russian reverses will sooner or later reach the general population, when the war will become popular. We can send millions of troops into the field and will do so when necessity arises and it seems that such time has now arrived. Of course, Russia is right in the merits of the war. The talk of peace is idle. There will be no peace unless Russia absolutely asserts her supremacy in the territory now at stake.

THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat:
'Twas half-past twelve, and what do
you think?
Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old Dutch clock and Chinese
plate
Seemed to know as sure as fate
There was going to be an awful spat.
(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese Plate).

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-
wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mew-ow!"
And the air was streaked for an hour
or so
With fragments of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now, mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares
is true).

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall
we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico
cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese
plate).

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or
cat!
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—
Now, what do you really think of
that?
(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know).

—Eugene Field.

ASKED FOR $25,000

ASKED FOR $25,000

And Got Only Five Hundred Did Miss Morrissey.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 16.—In the United States Court this morning, the jury in the Morrissey Beatty breach of promise suit returned a verdict for the plaintiff of $500.

STEAMER BEAUTY

Will leave for Fairmont Park every afternoon at 2 P. M. and every evening at 8 P. M. Round trip, 25c. Music and Dancing. Arrangement can be made for Fairmont Park and steamer "Beauty" for excursions and picnics. Address 304 Main street City.

Notice.

I will sell all street hats and flowers I now have on hands regardless of cost this week. Come and get hats and flowers almost at your own price.

Mrs. Laura Frazer,
423 Jackson St. x

WHAT "LAGNIAPPE" MEANS.

Bonus With Purchase an Old New Orleans Custom.

"Lagniappe" is a purely local institution, and the word itself is a localized one, signifying a bonus, generally in kind, given to a customer with each purchase, some trifling article added gratuitously to a purchase in the retail shops of the city or the public markets.

For the origin of the custom of giving "lagniappe" and the history of the word one must go back to the early colonial traditions of Louisiana. The old creole legend runs that when Louisiana was ceded to Spain the Spanish venders opened their shops in the French quarter side by side with the old French marchands. A great rivalry sprang up between them.

In the quarter lived an old Spanish gentleman who had a pet monkey. Whenever he went to make his purchases of groceries or provisions he took his monkey with him. Joco, as the monkey was called, was a great thief. While his master would be making his purchases he would quickly seize upon the nearest articles that suited his fancy, nuts, fruits, candy or the like, and eagerly devour them.

He was so quick and dextrous that he would have the article between his teeth before his master or the vender would be aware. Now, the colonial Spanish had a provincial word, "el niape," signifying one who is skillful or dextrous. Joco became so well known in the stores for his great dexterity in grasping whatever came in his reach that the Spanish, like the French, fond of giving nicknames, called him "El Niape."

Whenever the old Spaniard, who was very liberal in buying, would appear with his monkey, as he would conclude his purchases the marchands would hand him a stick of candy, a handful of nuts or the like, saying, "This is for El Niape." The little children, seeing the monkey get a bonus of candy, fruit, etc., thought they ought to have some, too, and would hold out their hands after every purchase for "el niape."

The custom grew, and as the two races, French and Spanish, amalgamated the creoles softened the old term "el niape" in the half French, half Spanish, "lagniappe," the term used today.

The pleasant institution of this petty gratuity was looked upon as such a gracious and kindly custom that it took firm root among the various nationalities that poured into New Orleans after the American occupation. Bold must be the vender who would refuse in New Orleans to give "lagniappe" to the little child who holds out its hand in confident expectation. In many shops it is used to encourage custom. To such an extent had this gone some years ago that a bill was introduced into the legislature to abolish "lagniappe."

There was such a hue and cry in favor of the old custom that the bill was postponed indefinitely. It was declared "lagniappe" was one of our own Louisiana institutions, peculiar to ourselves, a generous old time custom that in its open heartedness had nothing in common with the mercenary spirit of the age.

Other things might go, but "lagniappe" must stay. And so it did, a kindly relic of a day that is gone, a custom that often puzzles the stranger, but which has only to be explained to make him more than ever pleased with the warmth and the glow that come from the heart of this Franco-Spanish city in the bend of the crescent.—New Orleans Picayune.

Immortelles.

The manufacture of immortelle wreaths in Paris occupies at least 1,500 persons. The immortelles are gathered about the beginning of October and come chiefly from the arid hills in the middle and south of France. They are brought to the markets in their natural condition, and the yellow blossoms are dyed green, red and white and woven into wreaths by special workmen in readiness for All Saints' or All Souls' days, when all good Parisians visit their relatives' graves. On these "fetes des morts" the gates of the cemeteries are beset with crowds of dealers in immortelle wreaths, wire crosses and bead crowns. At Pere la Chaise alone more than 200,000 persons are calculated to visit the cemetery, and the sale of immortelle wreaths varies from 20,000 to 25,000.—Golden Penny.

Entitled to a Pardon.

An amusing story is told of Uncle Dick Oglesby, once governor of Illinois. He made a tour of inspection of the Joliet prison and came to a cell in which a hideously ugly man was confined. The man was so ill favored that the governor stopped to ask about him.

"What's he in for?" he asked.

"He forced a young woman to elope with him at the point of a pistol," the keeper replied.

"Well," said Oglesby, "I guess I'll pardon him."

"Pardon him!" protested the warden. "Why, governor, the proof against him is absolute."

"I know," said the governor, "but he couldn't get her to marry him in any other way."

Telegraphing In China.

Chinese cannot be telegraphed, and to meet this difficulty a cipher system has been invented by which messages in that language can be transmitted over the wires. The sender of the message has no need to trouble himself about the meaning and, in fact, may be telegraphing all day without the slightest idea of the information he is sending, for he transmits only numerals. It is very different, however, with the receiver of the message at the other end, as he must have a code dictionary and after each message is received must translate it, writing each literary character in the place of the numeral that stands for it.

You get the news in the Daily West Virginian.

THE RINGS OF SATURN

THEY ARE COMPOSED OF BILLIONS OF LITTLE MOONS.

These Satellites Are So Numerous That, Far From Counting Them, We Cannot Even See Them Separately—One of Nature's Marvels.

The next to the largest world in our solar system possesses billions of moons. There can be no doubt that the number is literally billions. They are so numerous that, far from counting them, we cannot even see them separately. They are so crowded and at the same time so far away from us that their light is inextricably intermingled, and the vast multitude looks, even in a powerful telescope, like a frosted surface of silver.

These innumerable moons are collectively designated in astronomical text books as Saturn's rings. But the word "rings" is misleading, as is the appearance of the objects to which the word is applied. They are not solid, connected rings, although they look so. They are little moons, arranged in concrete circles. Individually they may be no larger than meteors. But there is no particular size that a moon must have before it is entitled to be called a moon. It is only necessary that it shall revolve regularly as a satellite around its master planet.

Our moon is comparatively a large body, large enough for a respectable planet if it were independent of the earth. Jupiter, and Saturn, too, for that matter, has moons still larger than ours. Mars, on the other hand, has only two very small moons. So size is no criterion of moonship.

The larger moons of Saturn revolve around it at a greater distance than that of the rings. The latter are relatively close to the planet, and in that fact we have a clew to their origin—that is to say, their nearness to the planet explains why they are so small and so numerous. It can be proved that our big moon would be broken into numberless fragments if it revolved within about 11,000 miles of the earth's surface. Then we, too, should have rings of little moons about us in place of the single large moon that travels alone its monthly round.

In Saturn's crowd of moons things happen that are characteristic of all crowds. They pull and haul one another, though perhaps always keeping at arm's length. They vacillate and lurch and waver to and fro. They collect into jams, though probably without much actual touching or clashing together, and the crowd grows thinner in some places, while thicker in others. Great waves of commotion run through this vast moon horde as through a flock of hurrying sheep.

And yet, upon the whole, they are an orderly assemblage. They never pause in their onward movement along their fixed path about Saturn. The vagaries of individuals do not affect the general forward movement any more than the dropping out and in of stragglers or the staggering of unsteady marchers stays the advance of an army. It is the steady, onward sweep of a great company governed by a single compelling principle of action. In many respects it is the strangest thing in the whole visible universe. Nobody would ever have dreamed of the existence of such a thing if telescopes had not revealed it.

Narrow, empty spaces divide this curious host into three or four separate legions.

Inasmuch as these billions of little bodies are not separately visible from the earth, the question may naturally be asked: "How do you know that they exist? How can you tell that the rings of Saturn are not solid?"

There are two ways in which we know and can tell. In the first place, the law of gravitation assures us that solid rings could not exist in such a situation. I have mentioned before what would happen to the earth's moon if it came near enough to our globe to feel the effects of the gigantic tidal forces to which a close approach would subject it. Mathematical calculation has proved that Saturn's rings could not even be liquid bodies without being broken up into numberless separate particles.

In the second place, the spectroscope has shown that the rings travel around Saturn with a speed that gradually increases from their outer to their inner edges. How the spectroscope is able to give us this information is one of the most surprising stories in astronomy but it would take too much space to tell it now. All that we need to say here is that the spectroscope shows unmistakably that the rings of Saturn move in such a way as only a multitude of separate, independent bodies, traveling side by side in the same direction, could move. The nearer they are to Saturn the faster they go, and accordingly if one could stand on the surface of Saturn and look up at the circles of moons over his head he would see the nearer ones racing past their next outer neighbors and those in turn outstripping their more distant companions, and so on to the outermost limits of the wonderful system.

Truly, the heavens are more full of novelties than the brain of a dreamer. —Garrett P. Serviss in Detroit Free Press.

Gossip and Work Combined.

In the Philippines the natives do their own washing in a way peculiar to the country. Once a week the women gather at the riversides with the week's wash, and while they pound the clothes with a flat wooden club on a stone they discuss every question of the day, from politics to village gossip.

This is one of the events of the week that lighten the labors of the Filipino housewife, wherein she combines profitable work with pleasure. Unlike the women of most other countries, the one subject they do not discuss is dress.

People say the Daily West Virginian is all right.

DUNLAP HATS
DUNLAP HATS
DUNLAP HATS

BANISTER SHOES
BANISTER SHOES
BANISTER SHOES

DUNLAP HATS
DUNLAP HATS
DUNLAP HATS

BANISTER SHOES
BANISTER SHOES
BANISTER SHOES

These high grade Shoes and Hats are without doubt the best on the market and are worn and admired by the best dressed men everywhere.

Randall & Co.,
317 Main St.

READ THIS COPY OF THE
Daily West Virginian

If you are a subscriber, that's nice; if not, we want you.

THE DAILY WEST VIRGINIAN

is new, and has its shortcomings. You know about that. You were new once yourself! But we are working hard to make our paper second to none in this region.

IT TAKES MONEY AND HARD WORK to establish an up-to-date paper. If you do not know about that, you can take our word for it. We knew it before we started, but we felt that some interests in this community needed such a paper as we propose to run.

WE ARE "BOOSTERS," NOT "KNOCKERS."

We believe Fairmont to be at the threshold of her greatest era of prosperity. To promote her best interests and uphold her various institutions will be our daily concern. We need all the enterprises we have. To encourage the men who are helping to build up this community will be our delight. We will try to give

ALL THE NEWS,

and occasionally tell you *what we think about things.*

TEN CENTS buys the Daily one week, forty cents is the price per month; while four dollars pays for it a whole year.

"Come thou with us and we will do thee good.

First Floor New Jacobs Building, Monroe Street and Porter Alley.